

# BATTLEGROUND

**TITS 'N' ASS HAVE LAUNCHED A THOUSAND HUMAN STRUGGLES.**

## WAR

A man's highest job in life is to break his enemies, to drive them before him, to take from them all the things that have been theirs, to hear the weeping of those who cherished them, to take their horses between his knees, and to press in his arms the most desirable of his women.

—Genghis Khan

Can't you understand it if a soldier who has crossed thousands of kilometers through blood and fire and death has fun with a woman or takes some trifle?

—Joseph Stalin

In a war, what you can't use or carry off, you destroy.

—Abimael Guzman, founder of Peru's Shining Path guerrillas

The rapes in the Serbian war of aggression against Bosnia-Herzegovina and Croatia are to everyday rape what the Holocaust was to everyday antisemitism: both like it and not like it at all, both continuous with it and a whole new departure, a unique atrocity yet also a pinnacle moment in something that goes on all the time.

—Catharine "Hot Lips" MacKinnon

We were ordered to rape so that our morale would be higher. We were told we would fight better if we raped the women....I was just a soldier. Everybody does it.

—Serbian infantryman Borislav Herak

**M**en get killed in war. Women get raped. Wherever wars happen—which is everywhere—gender roles tend to split along these lines. And winners rape a lot more than losers do. To the victor belongs the booty. Shake that booty.

The enemy's coming. Bomb after bomb, the blasts so bright you see a solid sheet of white in the back of your head. You're shuddering. Tanks are rolling. Bullets spraying. Sperm squirting. Marching. Killing. Raping. Dominating. Row after row of conquering cock. Buckets of cum for our victory parade. Huddled crowds of peasant women bleeding between the legs. The busted cherry of a new regime.

Anarchy, wonderful anarchy. Let's drive out of town, way past all the blown-out buildings, and go to a rape camp. A thousand pale, emaciated enemy women to choose from. Take your time and pick a good one. No such thing as sexual harassment when you're the winning army. Date rape? Fuck her dirty enemy slit with the steel barrel of your AK and

then shoot her in the head. Fuck and kill two dozen of them this week. Who's going to stop you? There's no law until the war's over, and then only if we lose. So fuck her in front of her hunchbacked old father and fat mother. Bind and gag her husband. But let him see your dick going in and out like a moray eel. Make sure he gets a slow, painful gawk at what your "gun" looks like when it's loaded and cocked.

It isn't enough to destroy the enemy's factories. You have to crush his will, too. Kick him until he doesn't want to get up again. Seize both his means of production and reproduction. Rape is the final act of impalement, the last bayonet thrust. Like a tomcat pissing on curtains, it's a way of marking territory. We've already torn apart your social fabric. Now it's time for your daughter's vulva. So while you're humping that dirty peasant bitch, tell her that her family's bodies are sprinkled all over the countryside. I guess your brother and father were too weak to prevent this from happening. Everything your people have worked and died for is now mine. I've taken your soil, your railroads, your food, your language... and you. It's **my** country now, and I can park my dick wherever I want.

Right now, the bloody Balkans are dripping with Serb sperm, the primary detergent used in "ethnic cleansing." In the area formerly known as Bosnia-Herzegovina, nationalist instincts which had slumbered under communism exploded violently the moment the Soviets—pardon the entendre—pulled out.

The Serbs, who are currently dominating the Croats and Bosnian Muslims, are skillful terror-mongers. There have been reports of soccer games where Serbs use severed Muslim and Croat heads as balls; of gold tooth fillings pried out of live prisoners' mouths; of Bosnian men forced to drink motor oil and then castrated; of live crucifixions; of Serb tanks "plastered with pornography" like an adolescent boy's bedroom; of a hundred mass graves; of screaming children thrown into ovens; of a woman tied to a stake, her pregnant belly sliced open, her unborn baby's arm torn off and stuffed into its father's mouth; of busloads of naked Muslim men with open holes where ears, noses, and testicles used to be—yet still **ALIVE**—paraded in front of their wives and daughters.

Pieced together, the scraps of personal testimony emerging from the Balkans complement each other so well that you tend to believe the rape stories are true. Or if not, it's one hell of a elaborately latticed lie.



No WONDER the Serbs were disqualified from the World Cup soccer finals.



The nightmare usually goes this-a-way—Serb tanks, full-color stroke-mag centerfolds taped and glued to their exteriors, roll into badly shelled Muslim villages. Serb troops delegate authority to tattletales among local Serbs, who mark the houses of all Muslims and Croats. Enemy men of fighting age are typically rounded up and either immediately slaughtered or shipped to the death camps. Women, children, and old folks are left behind with the Serb soldiers. Then come the rapes—day and night. Houses metamorphose into whorehouses, with women’s screams pealing from every window. Mothers and daughters are simultaneously fucked by hooting soldiers, one platoon after the next, week after week, until the women show pregnancy’s visible swelling.

At that point, the pregnant Muslims are typically set loose as refugees, free to dodge the front line en route to safety zones. The raped Muslim woman’s former village is now a ghost town. It is cleansed. Enemy Serbs will soon move into the house where she was born, the house where she was raped. Back among her fellow Muslims, the pregnant rape victim will find herself ostracized, a dirty whore carrying a half-breed fetus. Islam doesn’t cut the chicks any slack.

This is, of course, a best-case scenario. She *could* have been sent to one of the rape camps to be fucked and tortured under spotlights amid the chicken wire, dysentery, parasitic water, and deep dirt craters where they toss the dead people after shooting them. Her gang rape and slow murder by guffawing Serb soldiers could have been videotaped—many of them reportedly are. The videocam lens could have zoomed in on her face as she was shocked with electric prongs, ass-fucked with a truncheon, and forced to sing Serbian nationalist songs. The Serbs have even broadcast naked, uncut rape footage as war propaganda on local TV stations.

Borislav Herak was a sex-crazed twenty-one-year-old Serb with a big fucking rifle and a license to shoot Muslims. Amid the violent cloud of civil war, he lost touch with his father. Eventually, one of his comrades planted an idea in his head. He told Boris that the Muslims had killed his dad. It may have been a lie. It didn’t matter.

Brought before a war-crimes tribunal in Sarajevo, Herak confessed to killing twenty Muslims and was suspected of slaughtering at least ten more. He stated that, compared to his comrades, his body count was relatively low. Herak said he learned how to kill in boot camp, where he practiced by slicing pigs’ throats. He testified that his superiors commanded him to kill Bosnians “like pigs” and to rape their women as a morale-booster. In a basement northwest of Sarajevo, Boris obeyed official commands and machine-gunned a Muslim family of ten, which included two elderly women and four children. He told of glutting himself with food and drinking brandy after participating in the

close-range machine-gun slaughter of a hundred and fifty Muslim villagers. When asked by a reporter whether he thought he deserved to die, he replied yes and politely requested some cigarettes.

Borislav Herak reportedly kept stacks of cum-varnished porno mags in his bedroom at home. Of the twenty murders to which he confessed, ten involved raping and shooting Muslim women. He said he remembered all of his victims’ names.

Boris and his soldier friends procured their Muslim chicks from two prisons-cum-whorehouses on Sarajevo’s outskirts. One of the jail bordellos was known, with great élan, as the Sonja Café. It housed roughly seventy Muslim women and girls. Turnover was rapid. After picking a victim or two, Boris and the boys would force her into an empty room where they’d rape her repeatedly, cheering each other on as if they were taking turns at a video game. After they emptied their nuts, it was off to the hills or forests, where their Muslim party girl would be shot and dumped.

Borislav Herak was convicted of his crimes and sentenced to death. Before his execution, he confessed that he never had sexual intercourse until he became a soldier and raped his first Muslim. You should never give a gun to a virgin.

Although there exists no scientific way to determine precisely how many Muslim and Croat women have been raped in the Balkan conflict (what would you use—a spermometer? Serbogams?), most estimates flutter at around fifty thousand. Not bad for a postage-stamp republic in the European beet belt, but significantly lower than the quarter-million Korean and Chinese dames held as “comfort women” to service the egg-roll-sized members of Japanese soldiers during WWII. Or the estimated four hundred thousand Bangladeshi broads raped by Pakistani soldiers in 1972. Or the two MILLION German women forced to cram Russian cock as a vengeful Red Army turned the tide against Hitler. To be fair to Hitler (we like his mustache, OK?), his brownshirts had been eager rapists *themselves* when they were winning.

The perceptive among us know that in a few years—not many years at all—the whole world will be one big flamin’ Bosnia. As you read this, comparable wartime situations—with the attendant mass rape of enemy women—are flaring in Uganda, Myanmar, Liberia, and Rwanda. As in Bosnia, both men and women are the victims of sexual torture, with Liberian males privy to the sizzling experience of having red-hot cutlasses applied to their genitals. If you doubt that there will be rape camps in Des Moines one day, you’ll probably end up in one. ■

# RACE

Come up, black dada nihilismus. Rape the white girls.  
Rape their fathers. Cut the mothers’ throats.

—LeRoi Jones

Any oppressed group, when obtaining power, tends to acquire the females of the group that has been the oppressor.

—Calvin C. Hernton

When one group uses the trappings of authority to maintain power over another group, there comes a time when some small thing—a crime, perhaps—will become the spark that unleashes long-suppressed passions.

—Theon Wright, *Rape in Paradise*

Hey, where are the white women at?

—Cleavon Little, *Blazing Saddles*

**D**espite Thomas Jefferson’s slave-fuckery and Bill Clinton’s rumored Mulatto Love Babies, interracial whoopee-making in the U.S.A. has largely been proscribed by an invisible code of genital apartheid.



Although apparently unafraid of an incipient black *intellectual* takeover, Joe Whitey has traditionally dreaded the phallically phearsome "Horn of Africa" as if it signaled his own genetic demise.

This isn't to say that Japanese fathers don't beat their daughters when they date Koreans. Or that Jewish mothers don't tell their sons to avoid *shiksas*. Or that in the mid-eighties, my black girlfriend didn't hear, "What are you doing with that white boy?" from every Ripple-rippling "brother" we saw on the street. Or that in high school, my half-Puerto Rican/half-Chinese paramour had to tell her father I was her math tutor, because daddy would never let his salted plum date a smelly European. Despite my best miscegenatin' efforts, I soon realized that the true "color line" was the vaginal gateway, and that every race employs border-patrol guards along its females' labia.

Because of our tense racial history, sex between blacks and whites in America seems to acquire a meaning which transcends the mere salt-and-pepper coupling. The "meaning" of interracial sex, though, seems more open to interpretation than the implications of interracial RAPE. In the U.S.A., those meanings seem predetermined. White-on-black rape is linked to subjugation—keep 'em down. Black-on-white rape tends to be viewed as retaliation—get 'em back.

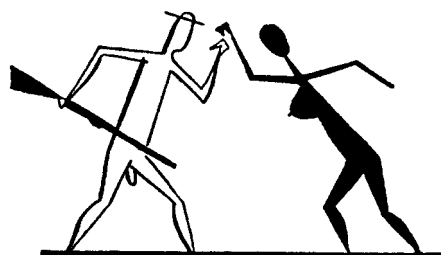
Any bean-pie salesman on any urban corner will tell you that variations in black-American skin color can be traced to the rape of slaves by the horny li'l devils who owned plantations. By force-fucking those cotton-pickin' African women, slaveholders created mulattos, quadroons, octoroons, and possibly even macaroons and nectaroons. The wanton infusion of Caucasoid goo into reluctant slave women is a familiar, if unpleasant, chapter of the American saga.

As is the lynch mob. Innumerable dead, swollen, charred, and de-balled black-male bodies have floated down this country's rivers. Many of them were undoubtedly innocent of the charge which most inflamed a white crowd, that of raping some pale Dixie belle. Sexual hysteria was typical of the lynch mob, with a hallmark of many lynchings being the removal of the victim's coffee-colored scrotum.

On January 31, 1930, a sixteen-year-old white girl was discovered dead in a puddle of water along a rural Georgia roadside. She had last been seen walking down the road to deliver a letter. The girl was found stabbed to death, with deep hack marks around her tits and throat. One of her eyes was missing, apparently plucked out of its socket with a knife.

Local whites—and you know how those *Jaw-ja* locals can be—suspected James Irwin, a black wagon-driver. An estimated THOUSAND irate crackers abducted Irwin and remanded him to the murder scene. Irwin was chained to a tree. One by one, his fingers and toes were lopped off and passed around as souvenirs. His abductors used wire-pullers to remove his teeth, one bloody bicuspid at a time. When Irwin would cry, his tormentors speared his mouth with a sharpened pole.

After an hour of torture, Irwin was still alive. His captors then strung his fingerless hands up to a tree and built a fire underneath him, soaking the tinder with gasoline. Irwin's writhing body was peppered with bullets as it



burned. After the flames died, Irwin's killers let his body hang all day in plain view of the roadside. His charbroiled carcass became a tourist attraction for the rest of the day, with entire white families making pilgrimages to the site as if Irwin were the Macy's Christmas tree.

The lynch mob is still alive, if only in spirit. Apprehension of the *Schwarz*-colored *Schvanz* still looms like a Stealth Bomber in the minds of many white Americans. George Bush won the presidency in 1988 by threatening a black cock in every bedroom. His campaign managers chose a sloe-eyed honeydrinker named Willie Horton to exploit white sexual fear. Back in 1974, Horton and two other men hacked a white gas-station attendant to death in Massachusetts, castrating the victim and jamming his cadaver into a trash can. Horton received life without parole for his crime. Ten years later, under a state-sponsored furlough program, Horton began receiving weekend passes. He dutifully returned from nine weekends of freedom but vanished after the tenth. Nearly a year later, in April, 1987, Horton busted into a Maryland couple's home, raping the woman at least twice and using a knife to carve patterns into her boyfriend's skin.

Bush's campaign managers adroitly used the Horton case as proof of liberal "softness" (note the penile implications) on crime. Bush's opponent, an autocratic morph of Richard Benjamin and Leonard Nimoy named Michael Dukakis, began to lose his lead in the polls after Horton's dusted-out face started appearing in Bush's TV spots. Dukakis also shot himself in his Greek dick during one of the presidential debates when he stammered through an autistically cold answer to the question of how he'd react if his emotionally brittle, rubbing-alcohol-guzzling wife Kitty were raped. Ironically, it wasn't even Dukakis who had sponsored the prisoner-furlough program which set Horton loose, it was his Republican predecessor. But the mere *perception* of what Dukakis had done, which was to unleash the libidos of countless Mandingo bucks onto unsullied Caucasian squack, was what killed him.

There have been many Willie Hortons throughout American history, black men whose horrifying boners are held up as a threat to the social order. But unlike Horton, many of them were innocent of any sexual crime. Names such as Emmett Till, Willie McGee, The Scottsboro Boys, and The Martinsville Seven should be familiar to most American blacks, but to very few whites. They were all young black men who were either murdered or railroaded into long prison sentences because they were victims of whitey's "rape complex." It's all true.

So is this story. On December 29, 1992, a white woman named Melissa McLaughlin was kidnapped in North Charleston, South Carolina. Her abductors, all of whom were black, took her to a trailer park. At least five

men raped her. McLaughlin was then forced to scrub her vagina with bleach and peroxide to remove any spermy evidence. She was then shoved back into a car and driven to a Charleston suburb, where she was shot six times in the face and dumped along the highway.

Under questioning, suspect Carl Matthew Mack told police that he and two other defendants had made a New Year's resolution to kill a white woman in response to "four hundred years of oppression." Although that statement is brow-raising enough, I'm amazed that a man who's over four hundred years old would be able to achieve an erection and rape someone. Detectives found a leaflet belonging to one of the defendants entitled "X-Man," a black nationalist screed calling for violent revenge against whites. Mack, who was eventually convicted of McLaughlin's murder, said that he and his friends had decided to pick a victim at random. "I said any white girl would do," he reportedly told police. "We were just sitting around joking."

Less than a month after McLaughlin's murder, a fifteen-year-old white girl was kidnapped at a Brooklyn bus stop by two black men in a car. "Why are you doing this to me?" she pleaded while being forcibly disrobed and having her eyes taped shut. The answer should have been obvious: "Because you are white and perfect." ■

## CAMPUS

When I'm old and turning gray, I'll only gang-bang once a day.

—Fraternity rhyme (origin unknown)

We can rape whoever we want!

—Phrase chanted by Princeton University counter-protesters during a 1987 "Take Back the Night" march

Date rape, I assure you, lies in our medium-term future.

—P. Jay Fetner, of Yale University's Skull and Bones Society, on what would happen if women were admitted to the club

I can't help the anatomy God gave me.

—Convicted campus rapist David Caballero of Lake Superior State University

**T**he college years occur at a frustrating age when men are most likely to be horny and women are most likely to protest against horny men. So while the boys jack off, the girls stage sit-ins. Lesbian folk singers majoring in Eastern philosophy take melodious coffeehouse shits on linebackers who are flunking business administration.



The radical feminists control campus discourse because their natural enemies—the dumb dudes—are too busy getting chicks drunk to show up for debates. The girls win in a no-show. So with their braless breasts swinging proudly beneath the school's bell tower, their armpit hairs lightly blowing with the winds of change, raging anti-rape activists organize porn boycotts. They form discussion groups. They paint picket signs, sell bumper stickers, and hand out leaflets.

They're going to stage a soy-milk-only hunger strike to protest the fact that every Board of Trustees member is a man. And that most of their teachers are men. And that the library, which is named after a dead man, is stacked with dusty history books, all of them written by men. At their last consciousness-raising session, one of the girls suggested that they protest the bell tower itself, because its design is phallic and therefore oppressive.

For next Friday night, the women's group has planned a candlelight vigil to mourn all their sisters raped and slain on campuses nationwide. They'll light a candle for Laura Hefley, who in 1969 was sexually assaulted, killed, and hidden under a rowboat at the University of Louisville. They'll mutter a prayer for Elaura Jeanne Jaquette, a choir girl whose half-nude body was stuffed under a University of Colorado pipe organ in 1966. To properly honor beauty queen Carolyn Nevins, whose raped and snow-encrusted cadaver was found behind some U. of Omaha bushes in 1955, they'll sing a medley of Helen Reddy songs.

And they'll offer a special moment of silence for all the college students being raped and murdered today, because the sisterhood agrees that the problem's much worse now. In the past, campus sex-killings had the power to shock because they appeared to be aberrations. Nowadays, if people hear that Danny Rolling slaughtered

five U. of Florida students during one humid August week in 1990, decapitating one victim and leaving her head on a bookshelf, they're bored. *What—no cannibalism?*

The college fembots have attempted to combat such frightening apathy with their own scare tactics, expanding their definition of "consent" to the point where a man can't have a wet dream without being pegged as a rapist. College cunts can get nasty. In 1990, women's bathroom walls at Brown University were blanketed with felt-pen-scribbled lists containing the names of alleged campus rapists. The girls at Carleton College did much the same thing, calling their Rapists' Social Register a "castration list." At Duke University in '91, pairs of female rape activists made a habit of pouncing on male students who were walking alone at night and then slapping orange "GOTCHA" stickers onto their shirts. Trying to instill a small sense of empathy—and a whopping dose of guilt—they'd then hand their orange-stickered victim some leaflets describing women's fear of sexual assault.

That was sort of clever for a small-scale cunt-stunt. But last year, in a move admirable for its ovarian audacity alone, University of Maryland art teacher Josephine Withers and her female pupils designed a billboard with the headline POTENTIAL RAPISTS. The rest of the billboard consisted of a list of the school's sixteen thousand male students. Angry "potential rapists" responded with picket signs reading, WITHERS MIGHT BE A WHORE.

Over at the frat houses, they can't hear all the theoretical clamor. That's because Pearl Jam is cranked up too fucking loud. The Enemy Men, lost in an orgasmic landfill of empty beer cans, crushed pizza boxes, cheap speed, used rubbers, and Cliff Notes, are too drunk to care about sexual politics. It's frightening, even to me, to think of all those marketing majors at the height of their sex drives. All those pink-bellied guys awash in dudethink. Shirtless WASP boys jockeying for position of Head Rooster. Homoerotic bonding rituals in which they slap each other's asses and chug suds like pitchers of sperm. They all have straight teeth and good connections. They're going to split the world wide open.

But no one understands a frat boy's sense of humor. That's why the killjoy feminists at L.A.'s Occidental College sent bloody tampons to the puckish party boys over at the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity. The only thing the frat brothers had done was distribute a flyer inviting "buddies and slutties" to a bowling party. It also included some harmless limerick about "Buffalo Pete," whose huge penis makes women scream when he ass-rapes them. Another frat-party flyer, this one advertising a "war-games" soiree at Cal State-Northridge, listed rape as one of the war games. And lyrics in a fraternity song book at UCLA's Theta Xi extolled chopping women into dice-sized pieces.



I'm a cat who in all of my nine lives could never understand why anyone would want to go to a frat party. But some girls won't listen to me. And if they don't want a group of stocky, hairy, rugby-shirt-wearing mules to poke at them with stubby cocks, they'd better watch what they drink. Studies have shown that liquor plays a role in nine out of ten campus rapes. So go easy on the firewater, ladies. You don't want to pass out and wake up naked in a strange dorm room, surrounded by four varsity swimmers who laugh as you puke into a bucket.

Stay away from the frat boys if you don't want to get raped. And stay away from Antioch College if you want to get laid. Last year, bowing to the blistering steam iron of feminist pressure, the Ohio school enforced dating regulations which made it nigh impossible to fuck someone without a lawyer and a notary public present. The Antioch rules not only require consent, they demand the woman's verbal approval at each level of the seduction process. You have to ask her permission from the first kiss all the way up to the act of donut-threading. As a logical extension of feminist illogic, the Antioch rules seem designed to prevent campus rape by causing potential rapists to slowly lose their erections:

*Can I kiss you?*

Sure.

*Can I unbutton your blouse?*

OK.

*I'd like to knead your left nipple between my thumb and forefinger—is that alright?*

Yeah.

*How about if me and eight of my dorm buddies anally invade you with a lacrosse stick?*

That might be pushing it, sweetie.... ■

## MARRIAGE

*If a woman is raped by a stranger, she has to live with the memory. If she's raped by her husband, she has to live with the rapist.*

—David Finkelhor of New Hampshire's Family Violence Research Program

*Wives die the most. Husbands kill the most.*

—Maria Ines Serreira, Center for the Study of Violence, São Paulo, Brazil

*But the husband cannot be guilty of a rape committed by himself upon his lawful wife, for by their mutual consent and contract, the wife hath given herself up in this kind unto the husband which she cannot retract.*

—British jurist Sir Matthew Hale, 1736

*But if you can't rape your wife, who can you rape?*

—California state senator Bob Wilson, 1979

**H**e's had an abominably bad day at work. The boss was at his throat all afternoon. Car overheated in traffic on the way home. Poodle is barking. Kids are screaming. Phone is ringing. The TV game show makes his ears bleed. *I want my turkey pot pie served HOT, I want my beer COLD, I want the kids in CLEAN clothes, and I want your legs to spread open like an electric garage door whenever I press the button. Get in the bedroom and give me some pussy or I'm going to smack your ass into the backyard.*

Not tonight, honey, I have a headache.

Well, guess what—now you're gonna have a migraine.

I'm really not in the mood.

*I don't give a fuck if you sleep through it.*

To his bloodshot eyes, you aren't much more than a remote-control device. He thinks he can channel-surf you whenever he wants. Pop you open like the tab on a can of Old English 800. No more kisses, no foreplay, just spread 'em and BLOP!—zzzzZZZZ. He's asleep and snoring like a leaf-blower. The cum dribbles onto his swollen belly, where it will congeal into dull white flakes. A shit stain graces his underwear, which he flung on the floor before he raped you. Ah, bliss....

On an average day, twice as many women are raped by their spouses than by strangers. One in seven wives can expect to be raped by their horny hubbies. Ever since our protruding-foreheaded forefathers began slipping ankle rings around cave women and dragging them away—a tradition symbolically honored with the modern wedding ring—men have acted as if they owned the title deed to their mates' genitalia.

When he pushed your face through that sliding-glass door, he was letting you know he feels strongly about you. Understand that when he slams your head into walls and fucks you with a car antenna, it's because he LOVES you. Couldn't live without ya.

Paul Snider loved his wife, *Playboy's* 1980 Playmate of the Year Dorothy Stratten, very deeply. So deeply, in fact, that he couldn't bear to share her with the rest of the world. He made Dorothy a celebrity, but the ungrateful little bitch tried to divorce him. On August 18, 1980, surrounded in his apartment by naked photos of Dorothy, he raped her in the cunt and ass, blew her face off with a 12-gauge shotgun, and then blasted himself, making sure he'd find her in heaven. How's that for love?

Dennis Patrick Murphy's wife Judith wasn't nearly as famous as Dorothy Stratten, but he loved her anyway. Even so, the fucking whore left him after only nine months of marriage and focused her affection on a mixed-breed pit bull puppy named Boozer. So on April 29, 1985, Dennis forced his way into Judith's apartment and waited for her to get home from work. When she did, he whacked her in the head with a baseball bat. Then he tied her up, smeared her body with Crisco oil, and forced her to blow Boozer. He then stepped up to the plate and fucked her with the baseball bat.

Donald Brown of Columbus, Ohio, was another Mickey Mantle of marital violence, swinging at his wife Jacquelynn with a Louisville Slugger, beating her almost every day over a thirteen-year marriage, making her face swell so badly that she once had trouble drinking a glass of water. Like Paul Snider, Donald hated to be separated from his wife. There was a week-long stretch in the late eighties when he kept her as a prisoner

of love, fitting her with a dog collar and chain, raping her asshole, cumming and pissing in her mouth while forbidding her from pissing or shitting herself, whipping her with a coat hanger and a wooden stick, shitting on a plate and cramming it down her maw....But still, she didn't love him. She left him.

And he kept chasing her. Donald caught up with Jacquelynn at a Greyhound ticket window in Canton, throwing her against a wall so forcefully that one witness thought the bus station would collapse. Jacquelynn ran out into the parking lot. Donald darted after her. She jumped into her car. He started pulling her out. She turned around and killed him with two quick .32 slugs. Because he was dead, Donald found it difficult to continue beating and raping his wife.

*Comprende*, ladies? Force only succumbs to greater force. The easy availability of lethal weaponry provides women with the physical prowess which evolution cruelly denied them. Aided by pistols, Mace, and stun guns, women can now bully themselves toward sexual equality—or even supremacy. Good luck to all parties involved. I'll enjoy every minute of the blood bath.

I only admired my father once, on a bright spring afternoon when he goofed on my pussy-whipped uncles. "Theresa won't even fuck Arnie unless he mows the lawn," he grumbled as we rolled through suburban

Philly in his plumbing van, which resembled a crushed-up beer can on wheels. "All of your aunts are that way. They tell your uncles, 'If you don't take out the trash, you don't get in my pants.'" Dad sniffed with distaste and continued. "That's disgusting. I'd never swallow my pride just to get some pussy. I'll go out and get a hooker before I stoop that low," he said with stern resolve. It was a rare and oddly beautiful moment of father-son bonding. And it's probably the only crumb of wisdom I ever gleaned from the old cocksucker.

I don't think my soused *père* was saying that women deserve to be mistreated. To me, his slurred sermon preached the opposite, that NO ONE should accept abuse, male or female. If you take it once, you're a victim. Twice, you're an idiot.

Love often turns to poison. It can go from hickeys and footsies to ambulance stretchers and CPR. As they haul you into the meat wagon, think back to your first kiss. That first breezy summer night together. Your perfect honeymoon. The first time he broke one of your teeth. When you stood at the altar pledging "for better or for worse," I'm sure you didn't picture his bulging cock rammed down your throat at four a.m. Or the time he raped you while you were on the toilet trying to shit.

Things usually get worse. People break their promises. Love fades, but the passion doesn't. When his gloved hand muffles your screams as he squirts his gunk up your bleeding asshole, try to remember the good times. ■

